

## FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE

by Clayton C. Campbell

"And after the Victory .....

Of course, it does not seem that long ago, not really. It was only yesterday that General McArthur set foot once again upon the Phillipines; that atomic energy electrified the world with its destructive power at Nagasaki; that our boys who fought so brilliantly in Europe were being shipped directly to the Orient, many without a stop enroute, to continue their excellent work against the Eastern enemy. Yet a year has passed since unconditional surrender wrote finis to the bloody struggle.

Where we were concerned with munitions, we are now concerned with striking unions; where we had rationing we now have black markets and in many cases complete of the product; where we had a unity of purpose we now have a divided and weakened interest. Where we had unselfishness and sacrifice we now have greed and a sharpened desire to gouge whoever we can. Where we once had a dedicated people we now have a confused populace.

In only one year, mind you. We are talking much of international friendship these days. We prattle about "one world" and world government and a lot of other things. International friendship can only rest upon domestic friendship and domestic friendship is a rather scarce commodity in these United States today. That is not a pleasant admission but it true one. It is high time that the people of this country came to a singleness of purpose; time that they realized that other nations are not blind to our glaring defects even if we appear to be; that if we can not be friends with each other, we can hardly expect to be accepted as fit for international friendship. All this after our Victory; yes, all this.

Vacations seem to be the order of the day. It is that time of the year when all ones friends find places to go for a few days or weeks; when brightly colored picture postals find their way back to the home folks showing lovely beaches, blue water and perhaps snow-covered mountains. Of course the card are highly colored, in fact, they are over colored. The places do not really look like that. But then, who believes travel literature anyway, completely, I mean?

The Autobiography of William Allen White  
Macmillan Co., New York, 1946 — \$3.75

It will not be necessary to extoll the virtues of this book to those of my readers who live in Kansas; for to all Kansans the name of William Allen. White is practically synonymous with the growth of Kansas itself. The sage of Emporia held for them the key to an understanding of Kansas politics. For Mr. White was first of all a politician and, I think it may be said truthfully, a good one. That is, of course, if one admits there is such a thing as a good politician.

The story of this most interesting person has just appeared in print. The author goes to the trouble of pointing out in a note at the beginning that, at best, this is only a tale. But that is an understatement. It is a tale, but is a tale worth the telling and therein lies the great difference. White spares not even himself in his recounting of the early difficulties of himself, his family, his venture into journalism, his days at the University of Kansas, from which he never graduated nor does he spare the politicians of his youth, of either party, or those of national prominence whom he came to know. His impressions of national figures, particularly Taft whom he dis-

liked, likewise McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt whom he adored are deeply etched in this book.

White's devotion to the causes he felt were right were one of his most marked characteristics. He was not always on the winning side; his candidates did not always win the elections but he knew how to wait, to plan for the elections to follow and was a loyal member of his party always.

This is a book that every young person should read. It is inspiring, couched in plain simple language and portrays a character that did much to shape the destiny of his country. It is a pleasure to call this book to your attention.

## AMŽINA ATILSI

"So I returned and considered the oppression that are done under the sun: and behind the tears of such that were oppressed, and they had no comforter.

"Therefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive.

"Yea, better is he than both they which had not yet been (born), who had not seen the evil work that is done under the sun." (Ecc. 4:1-3)

## IN MEMORIAM

To My Dearly Beloved Parents  
Who were brutally slain by Nazi SS men  
on September 28, 1943

## IN MEMORY

Of my many cousins who met  
untimely and torturous deaths in the  
hands of the Germans and Russians.

They who died the death of martyrdom for the glory of Thy Holy Name, grant them eternal rest, Oh, Lord! And let perpetual light shine on them. We pray, Oh Merciful lord, that never again such sorrow and oppression be visited upon humanity.

## IN MEMORIAM

To My Beloved And Sainted Grandmother  
Who ascended to heavenly rest on September 22, 1936.

"Lord, I am not worthy that You should enter under my roof. Say but the word and my soul shall be healed."

Vytautas Finadar Beliajus

## CONDOLENCES EXTENDED

To Bill Brilliant upon the death of his father in Berkley, California.

To the Janias upon the death of John, Chicago, Ill.

To the Finders upon the death of Mr. Joseph Finder, Chicago, Ill.

To the Campbells of Fairhope upon the death of Mrs. H. Aust in California.

LT. E. B. GASTON POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED  
2nd Lieutenant Ernest B. Gaston, Air Corps, has been posthumously awarded the Air Medal and two Oak-leaf Clusters, representing two additional awards of the same decoration, for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight. The decorations were forwarded to Mr. A. F. Gaston, father of Lieut. Gaston, by Colonel R. T. Gibson, Commanding Officer of Fort Barrancas, Fla.

## NOOK of POETRY

### THE SHIP AT THE CAUSEWAY

(Chiquimada)

F. M. Goodhue

Aslant in weedy shallows

An old ship slowly rots;

No past triumph the present hallows —

No longer toil or glory in her tho'ts.

A broken topmast limply hangs

As might a thrush's wounded wing

Struck by serpent venom'd fangs —

Once smooth and charming — now a broken thing!

The tide flows through her opened seams,

The cordage sways like Spanish moss;

Abandoned now by all, no dreams

But phantoms drear rise from this dross.

Once trim and graceful, a thing of pride,

Yet but a tool for grasping pelf,

The stern rule, follows, the best denied,

Dooms ship, or state, or man himself.

### SUNSET REVERIE

Hazel Dysart

I stand here beside my window,

Which faces toward the west —

And I watch the sun in its splendor

As it slowly descends to rest.

The colors displayed above it

I'm sure, no artist could paint,

For I know there are myriads of them

Delicately tinted and faint.

As the sun sinks slowly downward

The colors change their hue,

And while feasting my eyes on the beauty

They gradually fade from view.

Then I turn again to my duties

With my heart feeling light and gay,

For who could feel downhearted

After viewing such wondrous display?

God's hand has painted the sunset

For all of his children to see,

And it makes me stop and wonder

If a glimpse of heaven it be?

For I know his heavenly mansion

Must be decked in just such glory.

And with paints on the earthly easel

He tells his wondrous story.

My mind conjours up the blessing

That is dealt by His loving hand,

And I offer a prayer of Thanksgiving

For the sight of the promised land.

I can't help but feel exalted,

My soul with rapture glows,

And I praise the Father in Heaven

For the wondrous gifts he bestows.

### SUNSET

Burton Lawrence

In a canoe with the paddle dipping

Slowly into the darkening stream;

Only the sound of the blade-drops dripping

Back to the water; the low-slanting beam

That through the leaves of the pines on the shore

Makes on the pathway so recently wended

A bright spot of gold: these bring me once more

Peace, and the quiet of day almost ended.

## NORTHWESTERN PAGEANT

"Peace Begins On Our Street" was the theme of the pageant presented by Northwestern University Settlement House. The pageant took place on August 23rd in Eckart Park, Chicago and Noble Streets. Twenty seven nations were represented through song and dance. The singers were trained by Mr. Kickert while the dancers were trained by Emilie Jahelka, folk dance instructor of Morton High, in Cicero, and V. F. Beliajus, instructor at NW.

A narrative read by Mr. Casimir Ziolkowski told the story that united the pageant. It recommenced with the primitive — our American Indians and followed up with the French, Jesuits and fur traders who first explored and inhabited the Mid-Northwestern States. Then, through song and dance were represented the other immigrant nations who have developed this part of the country, proving that the greatness of our country consists of the fact that is a nation of many nationalities and that all have contributed in the making of the United States as one of the leading nations of the world and that we will remain a great nation as long as we will continue living in harmony with each other, trying to overcome prejudices and bigotries, remembering that we all are minorities of one form or another.

The folk dances were as following; an Indian solo by Eddie Szarnek. The Beliajus group of NW presented the Krakowiak (Poland,) Korobotchka (Russia) and Kalvelis (Lithuania.) Miss Jahelka's trained groups presented an English, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Czech and Palestinian and a solo by Beliajus himself.

The pageant was closed with the presentation of flags the nations represented and with the singing of the American National Anthem.

Miss Harriet Vittum is the Head resident of the Settlement House.

## STARVATION IN CHINA

(From a letter written to

Donavon Nickel of Judson, N. D.)

. . . You may not believe of some of the things that I write in this letter, but they are so. The very first night we docked in China there were about 50 or more Chinese kids around the ship begging for something to eat. They are called "river rats", they sail up and down the river from morning till night begging for something to eat. If one throws an apple core, they will sure fish it out and eat the rest of it. This evening I was in the fantail of the ship when trash was dumped out; they picked it out and stored in one of their boats for later eating.

Half of the Chinese are starving to death. You will see Chinese babies and small children floating down the river quite often, it is a common sight, the river police pick up the bodies and tie them to buoy; then later on, a larger boat will come along and tie the body behind the boat and take it into the ocean, tie weights around it to sink it. Deaths seem to bother no one.

Eugene E. Brandenburg, S 2-e  
Shanghai, China

## GIVE TO THE FOREIGN RELIEF ORGANIZATIONS

Dear Vtys: — In your dance article (August issue) you did a good job on human relations. Congratulations.

Mrs. Ruth Abernethy

Executive Director

St. Paul Council of Human Relations  
St. Paul Minn.